

# Baba

baba doesn't know how to use a smartphone

baba doesn't know the word for sorry in english and she lost the pointer finger of her right hand

in the sewing factory where she tried to thread together motherhood and a connecting flight from munich to philadelphia

baba wears all black and a hunched back

baba washes her face with bars of soap she bought for ninety nine cents and baba doesn't look

in the mirror

one day baba came to visit us in america and she found herself in prison

in jail she knitted me two sweaters too ugly to wear,  
which i will not take off when she dies

baba also saw the white house and lady liberty and in my heart i know she wishes she hadn't

baba was sent back home and when she left

she told me to eat because no one else would do it for me

baba gets sad when i don't listen to her and

baba sounds so miserable over the phone

the voices from the television keep her company and the volume is at 70  
because

baba is admirably deaf

baba is waiting and she is the most patient woman i know

baba's head hurts every day so baba sits at the kitchen table and measures her blood pressure

over a little yellow tape measure with a paper clip hanging from a string

baba stands outside on her terrace and looks seven stories down at the homeless man digging through the dumpster and she envies him

he is pathetic and dirty and hungry and he has a purpose

baba decides his is a life worth living

baba waits for me to call fifteen minutes before the seven o'clock news and she tells me she's

been waiting for a while

i say i'm sorry at sixteen and she says it doesn't matter at eighty one

i wish she hadn't said it's okay at sixty when my dad decided to be born again on the other side of the atlantic

baba is proud that i don't roll my r's when i speak american and that i romanize pity from cyrillic

baba likes it when she can't understand a word i'm saying

baba is lonely and she blames the prime minister

baba learned to live with nine fingers